



35

OCT 98

GUY GARDNER

# WARRIOR

CORPS BREACH!



JIMENEZ  
CHIN  
STOKES  
LANNING

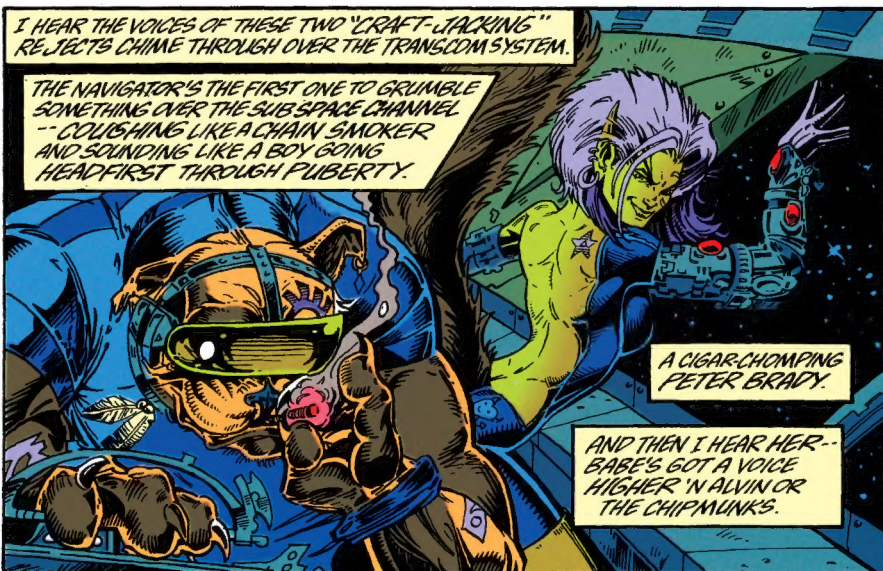
SPACE, BETWEEN  
BRIMANNU AND  
RIMBOR...



!E'TIL--  
YOU'VE DONE  
IT! YOU'VE  
DISABLED  
HIS  
SHIP! >\*

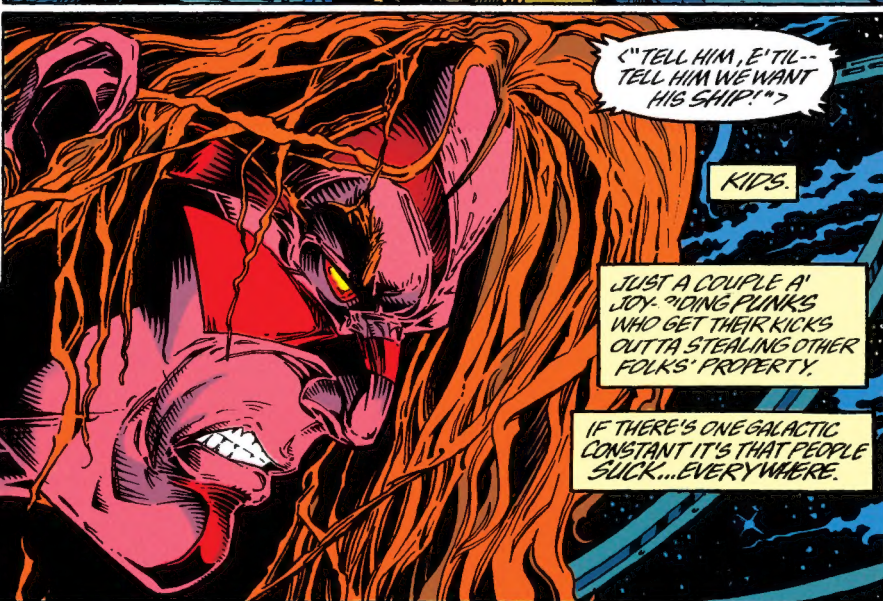
I HEAR THE VOICES OF THESE TWO "CRAFT-JACKING"  
REJECTS CHIME THROUGH OVER THE TRANSCOM SYSTEM.

THE NAVIGATOR'S THE FIRST ONE TO GRUMBLE  
SOMETHING OVER THE SUB SPACE CHANNEL  
-- COLLUSING LIKE A CHAIN SMOKER  
AND SOUNDING LIKE A BOY GOING  
HEADFIRST THROUGH PUBERTY.



A CIGAR-CHOMPING  
PETER BRADY.

AND THEN I HEAR HER--  
BABE'S GOT A VOICE  
HIGHER 'N ALVIN OR  
THE CHIPMUNKS.

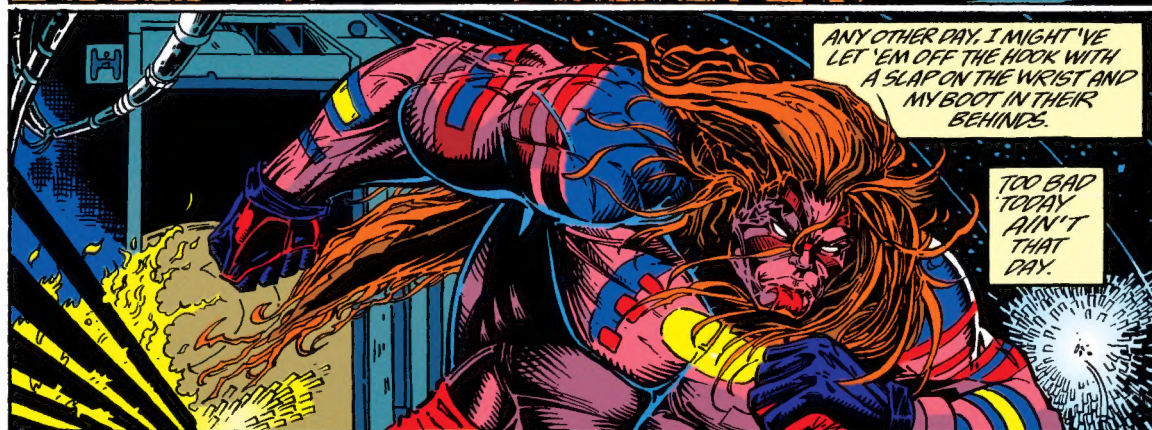


!TELL HIM, E'TIL--  
TELL HIM WE WANT  
HIS SHIP! >>

KIDS.

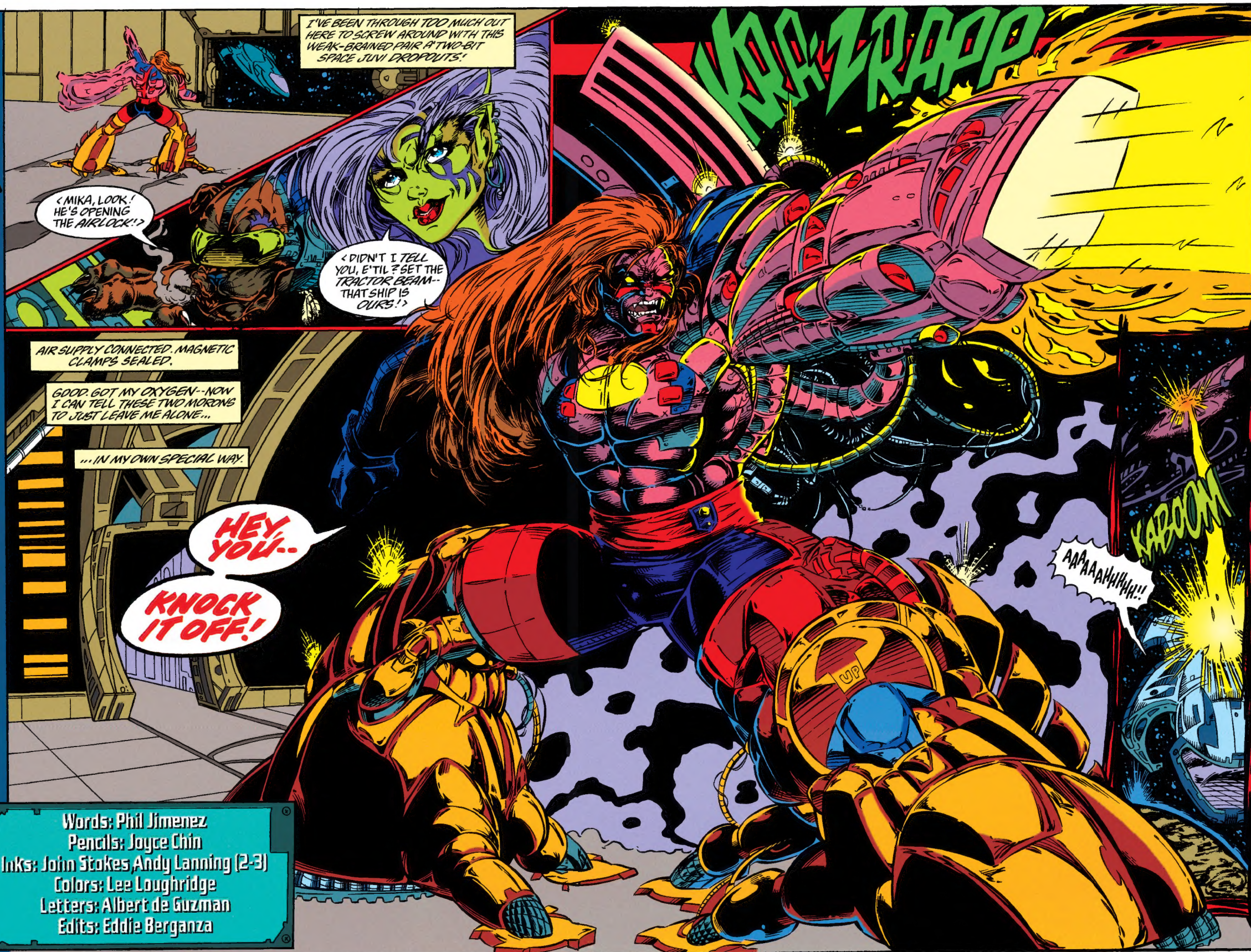
JUST A COUPLE A'  
JOY-RIDING PUNKS  
WHO GET THEIR KICKS  
OUTTA STEALING OTHER  
FOLKS' PROPERTY.

IF THERE'S ONE GALACTIC  
CONSTANT IT'S THAT PEOPLE  
SUCK...EVERYWHERE.



ANY OTHER DAY, I MIGHT 'VE  
LET 'EM OFF THE HOOK WITH  
A SLAP ON THE WRIST AND  
MY BOOT IN THEIR  
BEHINDS.

TOO BAD  
TODAY  
AIN'T  
THAT  
DAY.



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HA! THAT DID IT!

LITTLE CHICKEN SPITS.

« DAG! I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS! WE NUFFED OUR FIRST JOB! »

« SHUT UP, E'TIL. »

« JUST SHUT UP AND TAKE ME HOME. »

GOT ONE CHANCE--  
IF I CAN PULL  
THIS OFF.



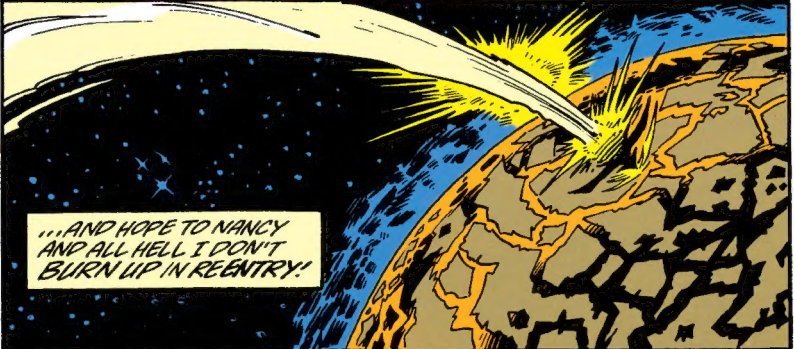
THERE THEY GO--RUNNIN'  
BACK TO THEIR "KIDDIE  
CLUBHOUSE "LIKE SCARED  
RABBITS.

SHOULDA LET 'EM KEEP  
THE SHIP, THOUGH--THEIR  
LITTLE SLAM DANCE  
INTO THE HULL WRECKED  
THE NAVI-COMPUTER  
SYSTEMS.

IT'S OUTTA CONTROL.

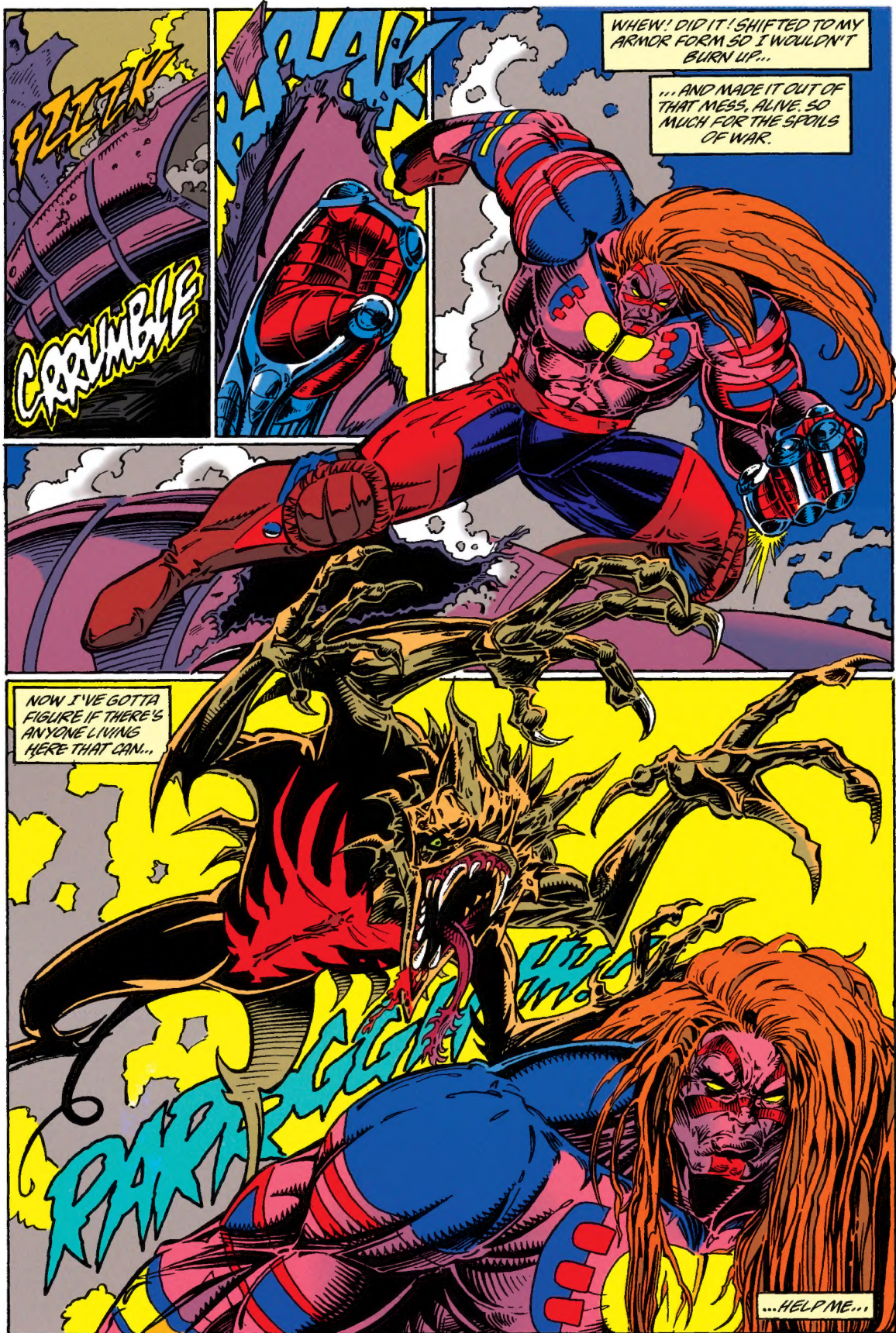


TRY TO SEE IF I CAN AT  
LEAST AIM IT AT THAT PLANET  
OVER THERE... LET GRAVITY  
DO THE REST...



...AND HOPE TO NANCY  
AND ALL HELL I DON'T  
BURN UP IN REENTRY!



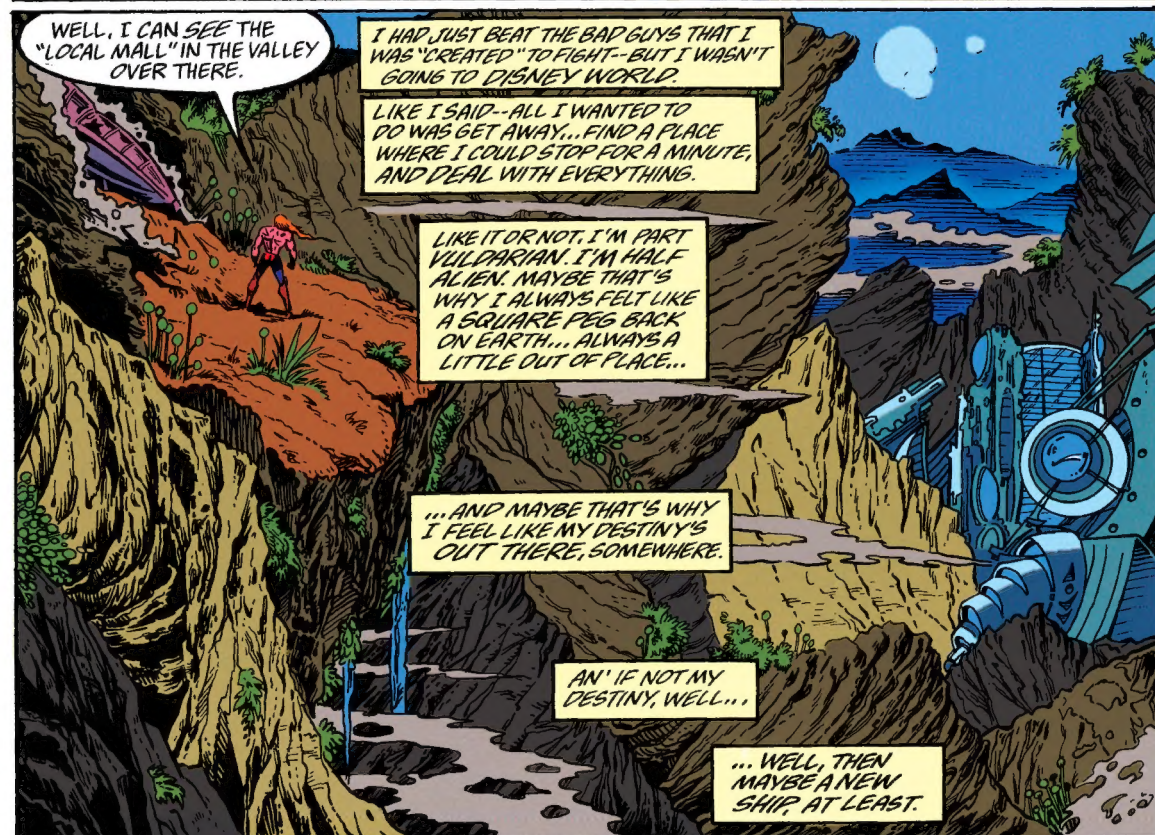
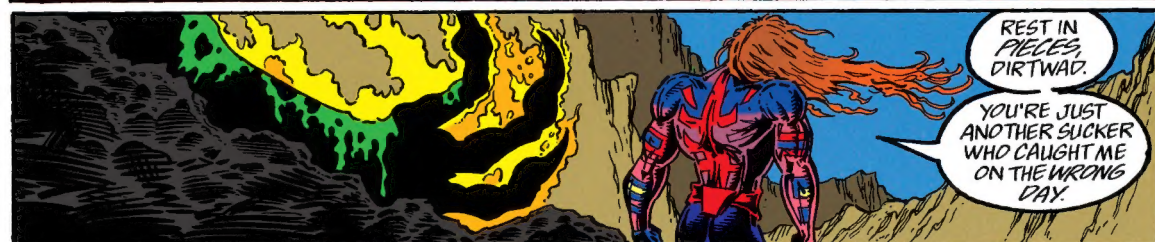
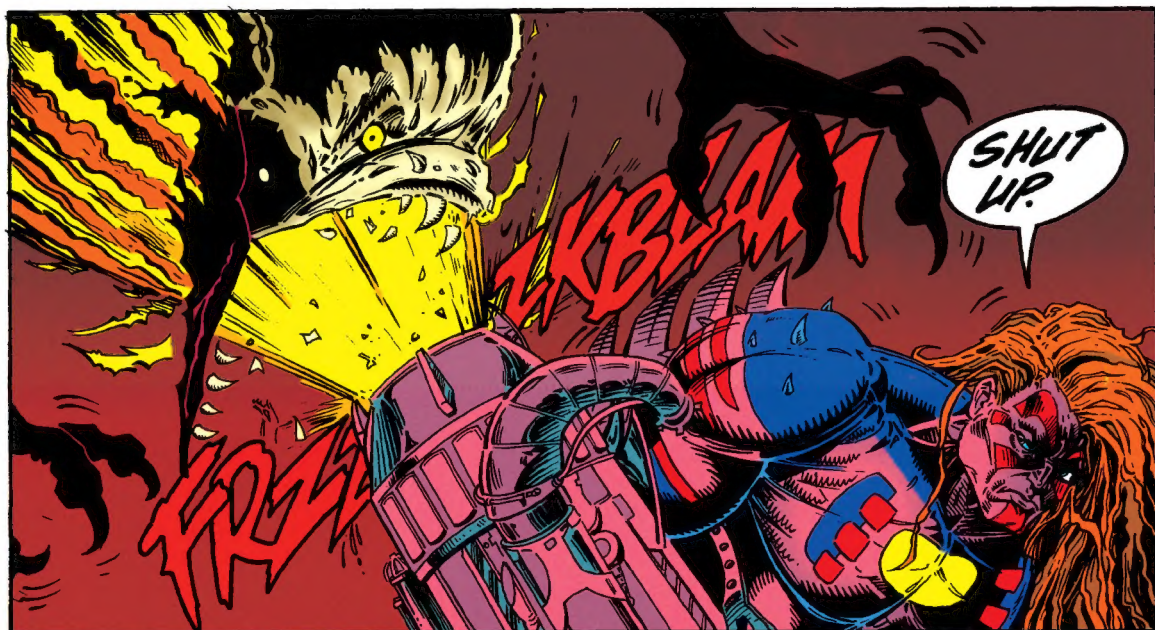


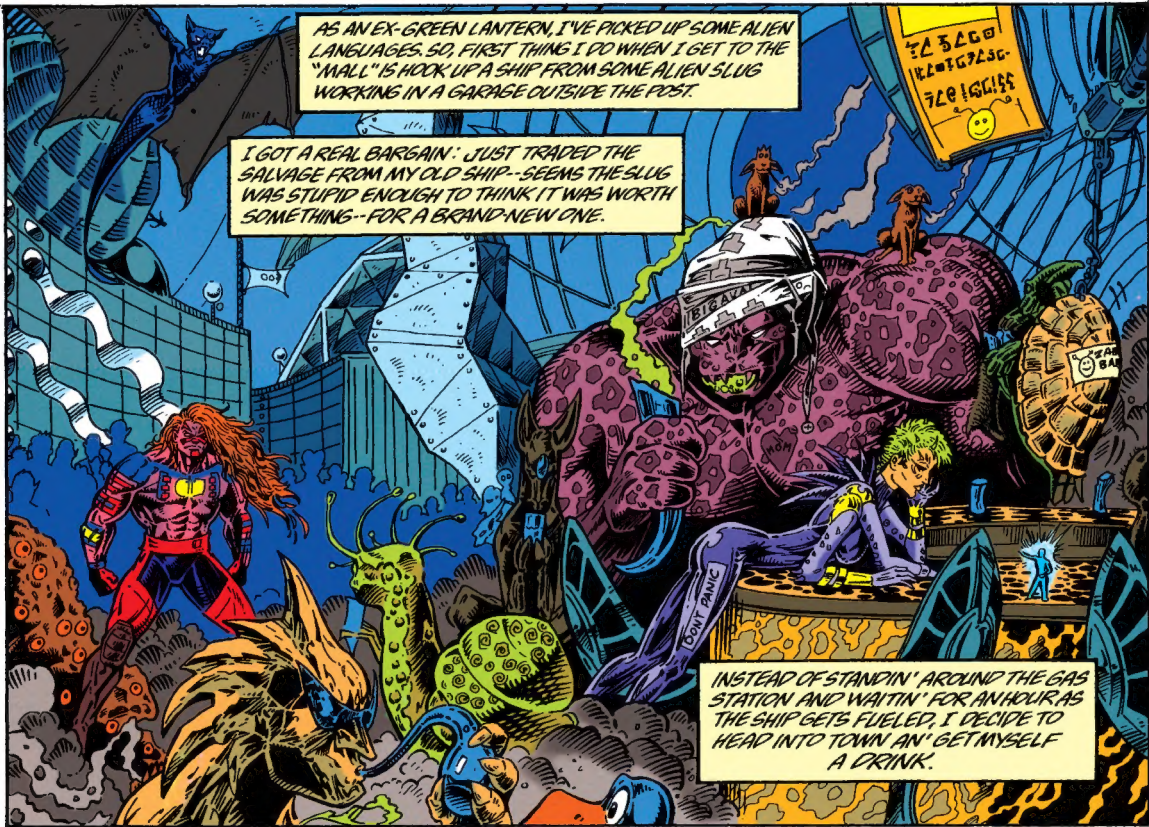
WHEW! DID IT! SHIFTED TO MY  
ARMOR FORM SO I WOULDN'T  
BURN UP...

...AND MADE IT OUT OF  
THAT MESS, ALIVE, SO  
MUCH FOR THE SPOILS  
OF WAR.

NOW I'VE GOTTA  
FIGURE IF THERE'S  
ANYONE LIVING  
HERE THAT CAN...

...HELP ME...

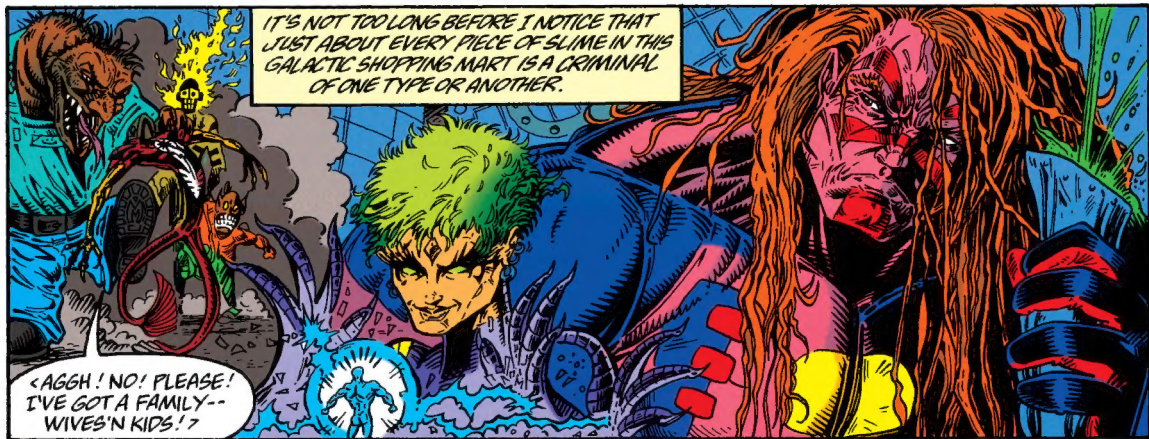




AS AN EX-GREEN LANTERN, I'VE PICKED UP SOME ALIEN LANGUAGES. SO, FIRST THING I DO WHEN I GET TO THE "MALL" IS HOOK UP A SHIP FROM SOME ALIEN SLUG WORKING IN A GARAGE OUTSIDE THE POST.

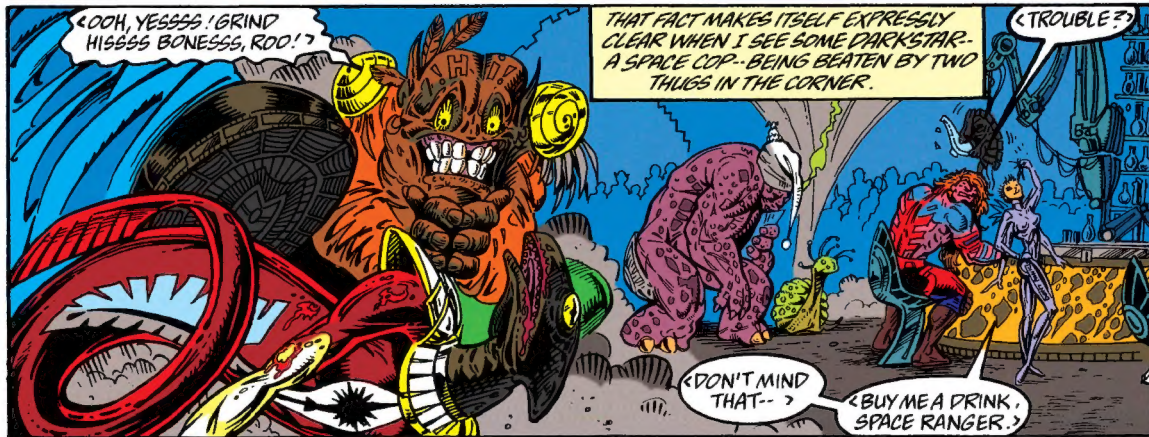
I GOT A REAL BARGAIN: JUST TRADED THE SALVAGE FROM MY OLD SHIP--SEEMS THE SLUG WAS STUPID ENOUGH TO THINK IT WAS WORTH SOMETHING--FOR A BRAND-NEW ONE.

INSTEAD OF STANDIN' AROUND THE GAS STATION AND WAITIN' FOR AN HOUR AS THE SHIP GETS FUELED, I DECIDE TO HEAD INTO TOWN AN' GET MYSELF A DRINK.



IT'S NOT TOO LONG BEFORE I NOTICE THAT JUST ABOUT EVERY PIECE OF SLIME IN THIS GALACTIC SHOPPING MART IS A CRIMINAL OF ONE TYPE OR ANOTHER.

<AGGH! NO! PLEASE! I'VE GOT A FAMILY-- WIVES'N KIDS!>



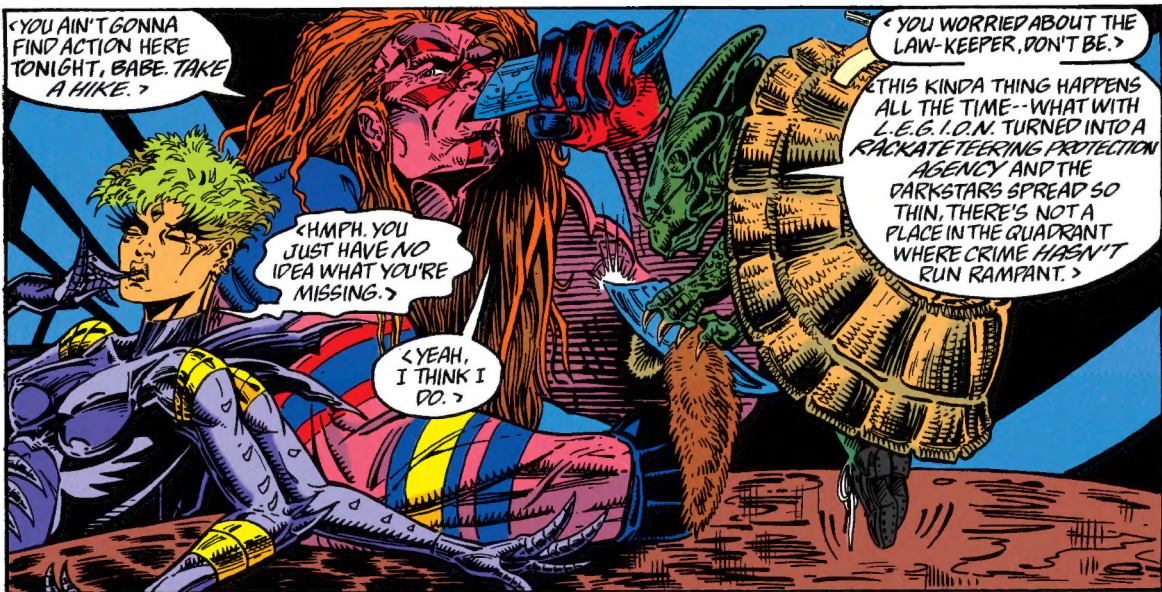
<OOH, YESSSS! GRIND HISSES BONESS, ROO!>

THAT FACT MAKES ITSELF EXPRESSLY CLEAR WHEN I SEE SOME DARKSTAR-- A SPACE COP-- BEING BEATEN BY TWO THUGS IN THE CORNER.

<TROUBLE?>

<DON'T MIND THAT-->

<BUY ME A DRINK, SPACE RANGER.>



<YOU AIN'T GONNA FIND ACTION HERE TONIGHT, BABE. TAKE A HIKE.>

<HMPH. YOU JUST HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE MISSING.>

<YEAH, I THINK I DO.>

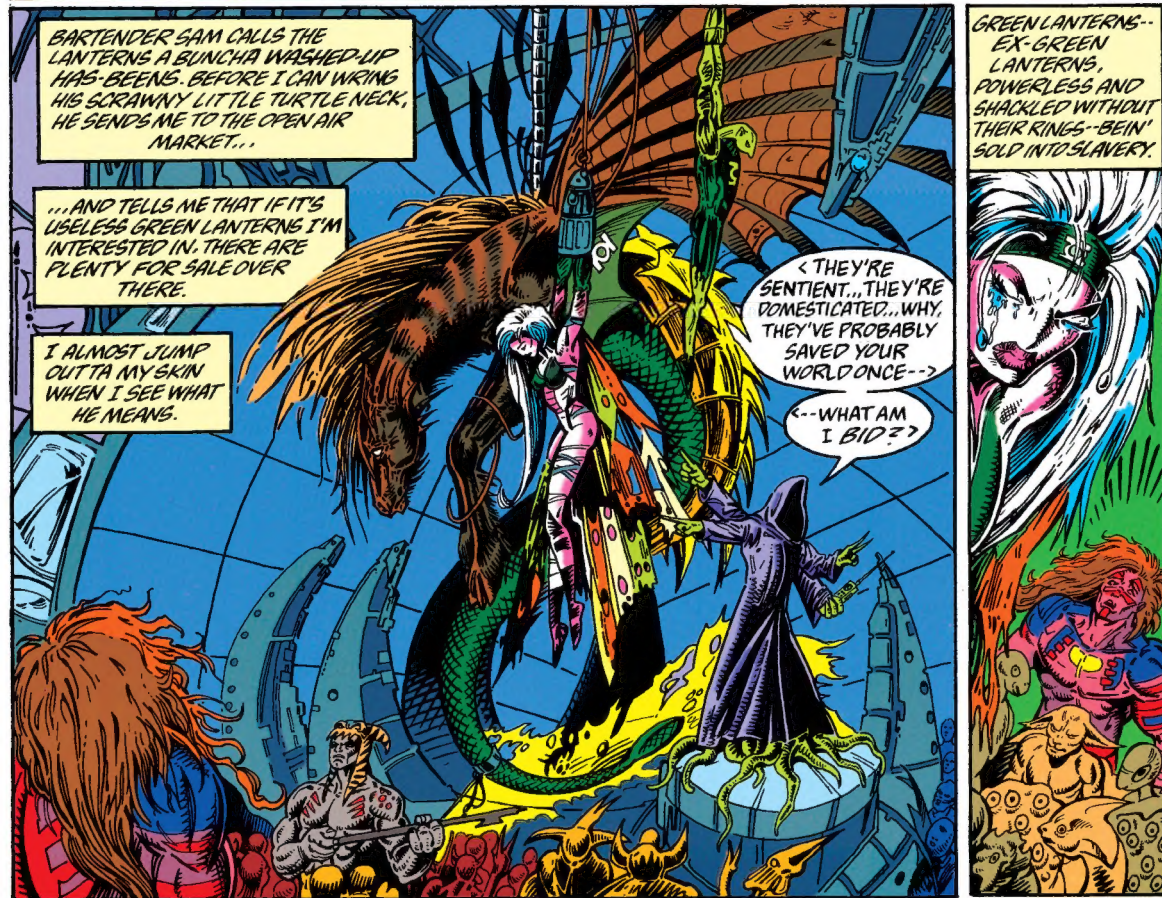
<YOU WORRIED ABOUT THE LAW-KEEPER, DON'T BE.>

<THIS KINDA THING HAPPENS ALL THE TIME--WHAT WITH L.E.G.I.O.N. TURNED INTO A RACKETEERING PROTECTION AGENCY AND THE DARKSTARS SPREAD SO THIN, THERE'S NOT A PLACE IN THE QUADRANT WHERE CRIME HASN'T RUN RAMPANT.>



<Y'KNOW...>

<...GUY GARDNER-- THE ONE, TRUE GREEN LANTERN-- WOULD NEVER LET A MESS LIKE THIS HAPPEN IN HIS SECTOR.>



BARTENDER SAM CALLS THE LANTERNS A BUNCH A WASHED-UP HAS-BEENS. BEFORE I CAN WRING HIS SCRAWNY LITTLE TURTLE NECK, HE SENDS ME TO THE OPEN AIR MARKET...

...AND TELLS ME THAT IF IT'S USELESS GREEN LANTERNS I'M INTERESTED IN, THERE ARE PLENTY FOR SALE OVER THERE.

I ALMOST JUMP OUTTA MY SKIN WHEN I SEE WHAT HE MEANS.

GREEN LANTERNS-- EX-GREEN LANTERNS, POWERLESS AND SHACKLED WITHOUT THEIR RINGS--BEIN' SOLD INTO SLAVERY.

<THEY'RE SENTIENT...THEY'RE DOMESTICATED...WHY, THEY'VE PROBABLY SAVED YOUR WORLD ONCE-->

<...WHAT AM I BID?>



<HELL'S GONNA FREEZE OVER  
TWICE BEFORE I WATCH ANYONE  
BEIN' BOUGHT OR SOLD,  
HOOD-HEAD-->

<--ESPECIALLY  
GREEN LANTERNS!>

<BY THE MOONS--!  
GUARDS! GUARDS!>

GARDNER--?!

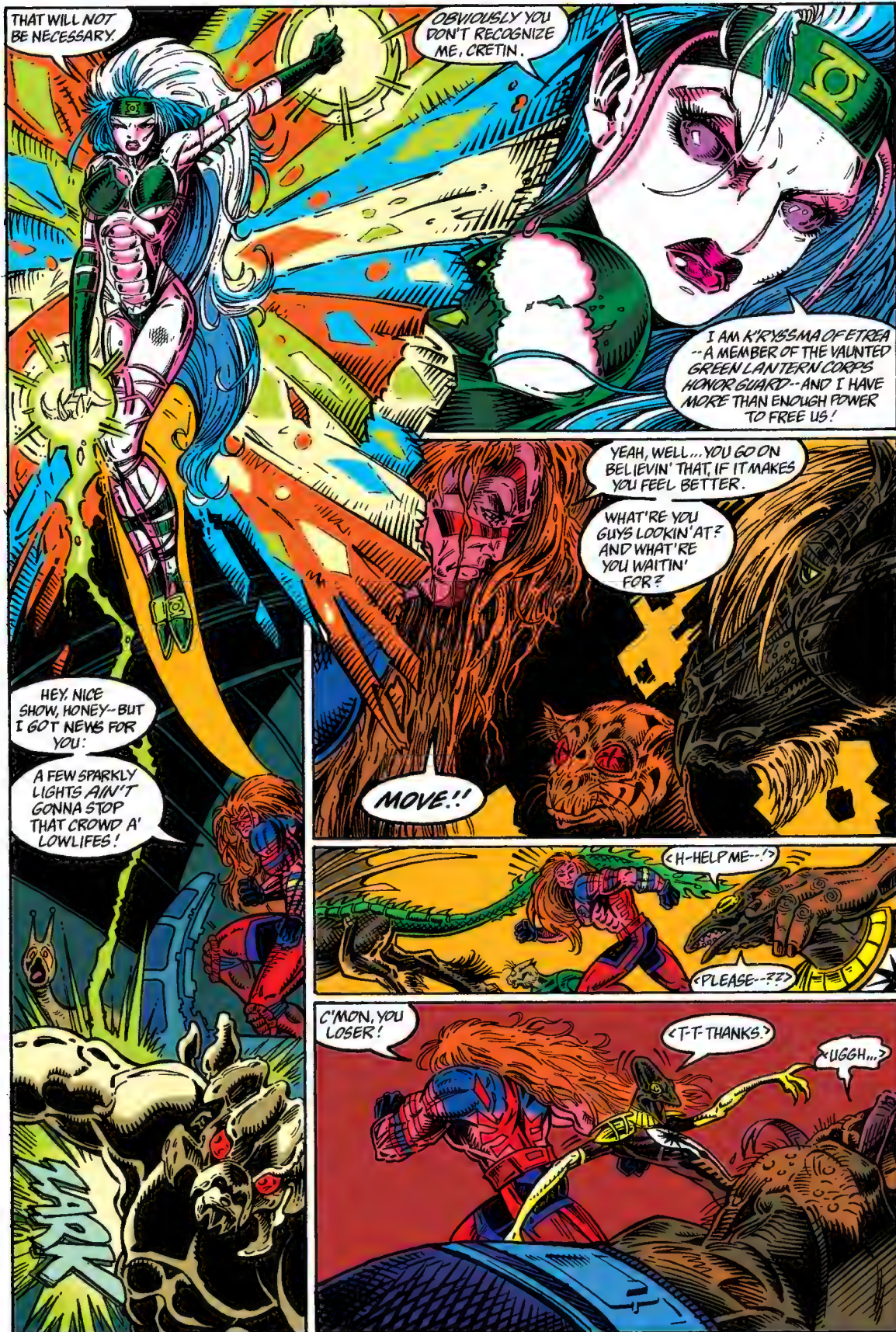
WE ARE  
FREE!!

BAK  
K  
BAH

WHOA! HOW  
DO YOU KNOW  
MY NAME?!

<EEP!>

AH, NEVER MIND!  
JUST GET OFF  
YOUR BUTTS 'N  
FOLLOW ME!



THAT WILL NOT  
BE NECESSARY

OBVIOUSLY YOU  
DON'T RECOGNIZE  
ME, CRETIN.

I AM K'RYSSMA OF ETREA  
-- A MEMBER OF THE VAUNTED  
GREEN LANTERN CORPS  
HONOR GUARD-- AND I HAVE  
MORE THAN ENOUGH POWER  
TO FREE US!

YEAH, WELL... YOU GO ON  
BELIEVIN' THAT, IF IT MAKES  
YOU FEEL BETTER.

WHAT'RE YOU  
GUYS LOOKIN' AT?  
AND WHAT'RE  
YOU WAITIN'  
FOR?

MOVE!!

HEY, NICE  
SHOW, HONEY-- BUT  
I GOT NEWS FOR  
YOU:

A FEW SPARKLY  
LIGHTS AIN'T  
GONNA STOP  
THAT CROWD A'  
LOWLIFES!

<H-HELP ME--!>

<PLEASE--??>

C'MON, YOU  
LOSER!

<T-T THANKS>

<UGGH...>

INTERLUDE: NEW YORK CITY, EARTH.  
THE WARRIORS BARGYM.

ARISIA-- --OK, LET'S GET THIS PHYSICAL THERAPY STARTED. WE'LL DO A LITTLE SPARRIN'.

UM... IF YOU THINK SO, TED.

BUT I'LL KICK YOUR WILDCAT BUTT, OLD MAN!

OLD MAN?!

HEY-- I RESEMBLE THAT REMARK!

OW! NICE SHOT!

I WAS TAKIN' IT EASY ON YOU-- YER SUPPOSED TO BE RECOVERIN'!

IT'S GOING TO TAKE MORE THAN A FEW BROKEN BONES TO STOP ME FROM LIVING A LONG, FULL LIFE...

...AND GROWING TO BE AT LEAST AS ANCIENT AS YOU ARE!

HAR HAR.

ANY WORD FROM GUY?

NADA. IF HE'S HEADING BACK TO EARTH, HE'S TAKING HIS OWN SWEET TIME.

WONDER WHAT HE'S GOTTEN HIMSELF INTO?

I DON'T KNOW, HONEY. BUT IT'S NOT HIM I'M WORRIED ABOUT. LESS THAN FIVE WEEKS AGO, YOU HAD A BROKEN SPINE--

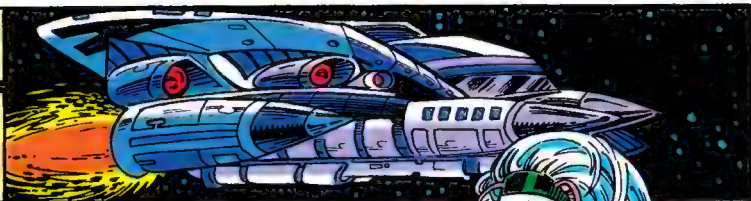
NOW LOOK AT YA...

WELL, I DO FEEL BETTER THAN EVER-- LIKE I CAN TAKE ON THE WHOLE WORLD.

HMPH.

MY NEW SHIP WAS WAITIN' FOR US AT THE DOCK, FUELED AND READY TO BLAST OFF-- LITERALLY.

ONCE WE'RE SAFELY OFF PLANET, I LET OLD K'RYSSMA HERE FILL ME IN ON JUST WHO'S BEEN STALKING THE GALAXY AND ROUNDIN' UP EX-GLS FOR THE LOCAL SLAVE TRADE.



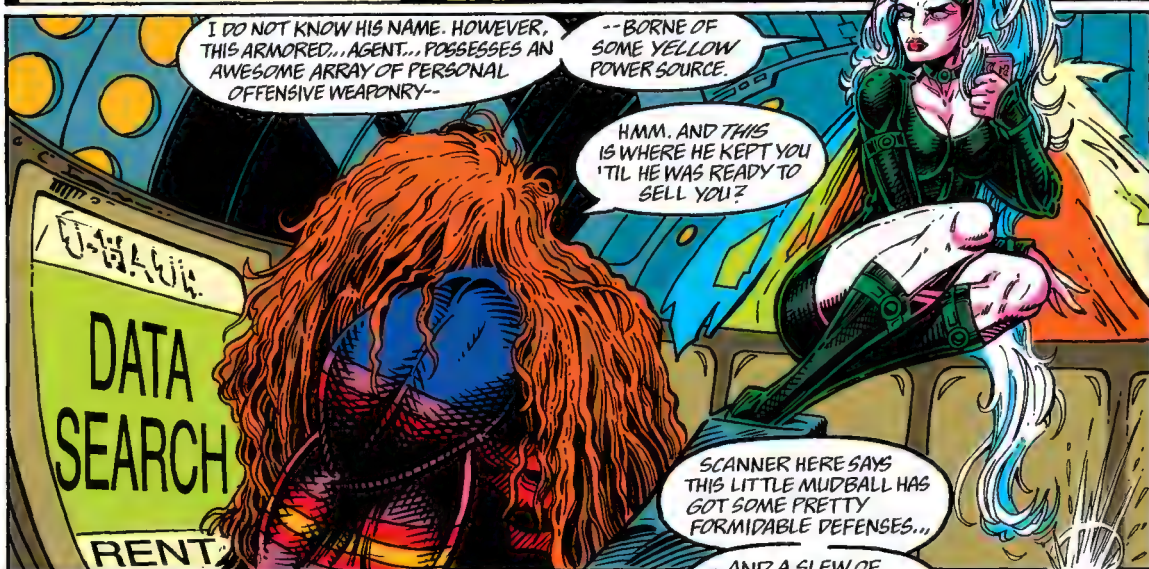
I DO NOT KNOW HIS NAME. HOWEVER, THIS ARMORED... AGENT... POSSESSES AN AWESOME ARRAY OF PERSONAL OFFENSIVE WEAPONRY--

--BORNE OF SOME YELLOW POWER SOURCE.

HMM. AND THIS IS WHERE HE KEPT YOU 'TIL HE WAS READY TO SELL YOU?

SCANNER HERE SAYS THIS LITTLE MUDBALL HAS GOT SOME PRETTY FORMIDABLE DEFENSES...

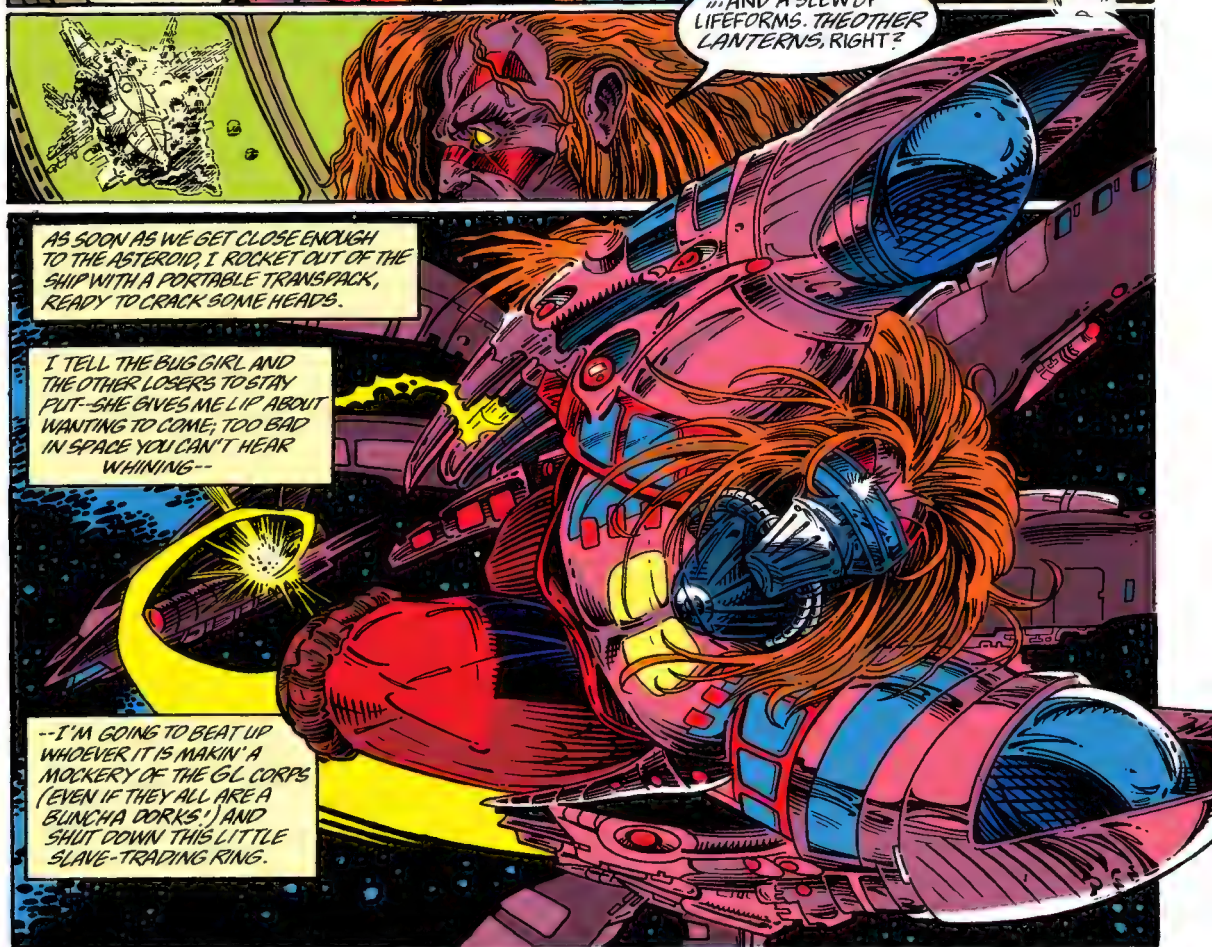
...AND A SLEW OF LIFEFORMS. THEOTHER LANTERNS, RIGHT?



AS SOON AS WE GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE ASTEROID, I ROCKET OUT OF THE SHIP WITH A PORTABLE TRANSPACK, READY TO CRACK SOME HEADS.

I TELL THE BUG GIRL AND THE OTHER LOSERS TO STAY PUT-- SHE GIVES ME LIP ABOUT WANTING TO COME; TOO BAD IN SPACE YOU CAN'T HEAR WHINING--

--I'M GOING TO BEAT UP WHOMEVER IT IS MAKIN' A MOCKERY OF THE GL CORPS (EVEN IF THEY ALL ARE A BUNCH OF DORKS!) AND SHUT DOWN THIS LITTLE SLAVE-TRADING RING.



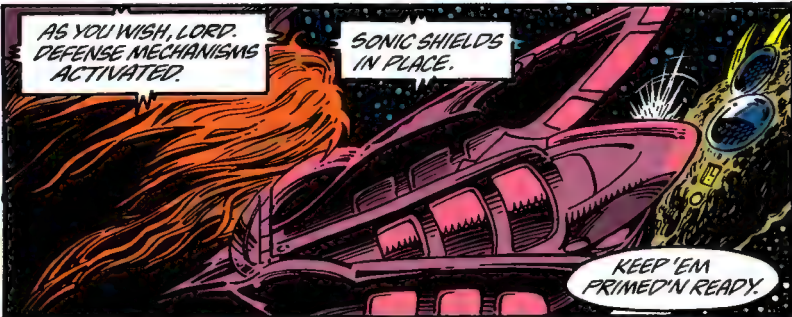


MY LORD, THE VULDARIAN APPROACHES. AS YOU EXPECTED YOUR ORDERS--?

DO IT LIKE WE PLANNED.

MAKE IT TOUGH FOR HIM AT FIRST, THEN DROP THE SHIELDS.

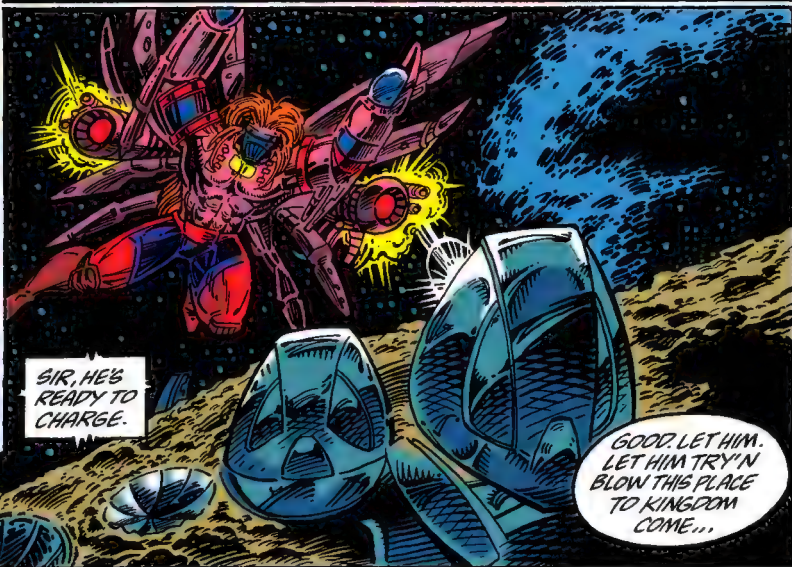
REEL HIM IN FOR THE SETUP



AS YOU WISH, LORD. DEFENSE MECHANISMS ACTIVATED.

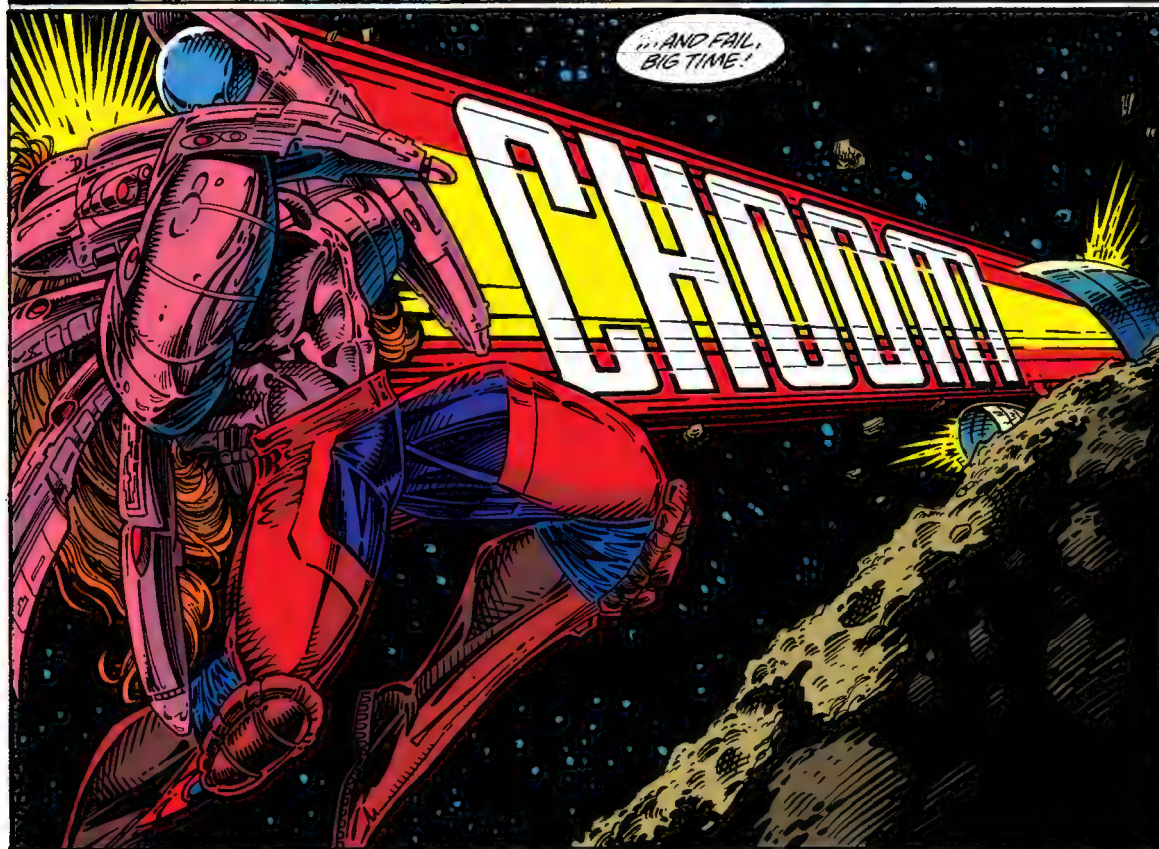
SONIC SHIELDS IN PLACE.

KEEP 'EM PRIMED 'N READY.



SIR, HE'S READY TO CHARGE.

GOOD. LET HIM. LET HIM TRY 'N BLOW THIS PLACE TO KINGDOM COME...



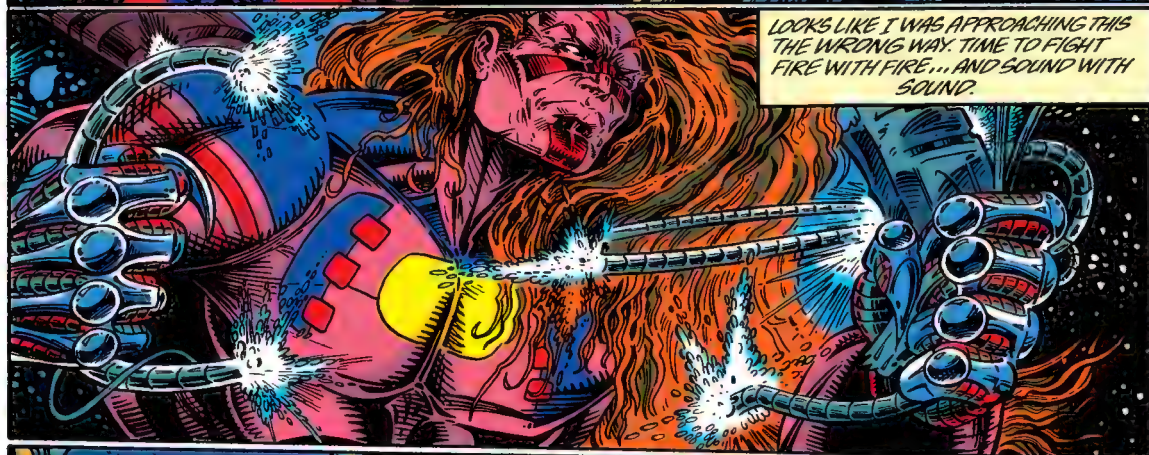
...AND FAIL, BIG TIME!



WHOA!

WASN'T EXPECTING THAT!  
MY EARS ARE RINGIN'!

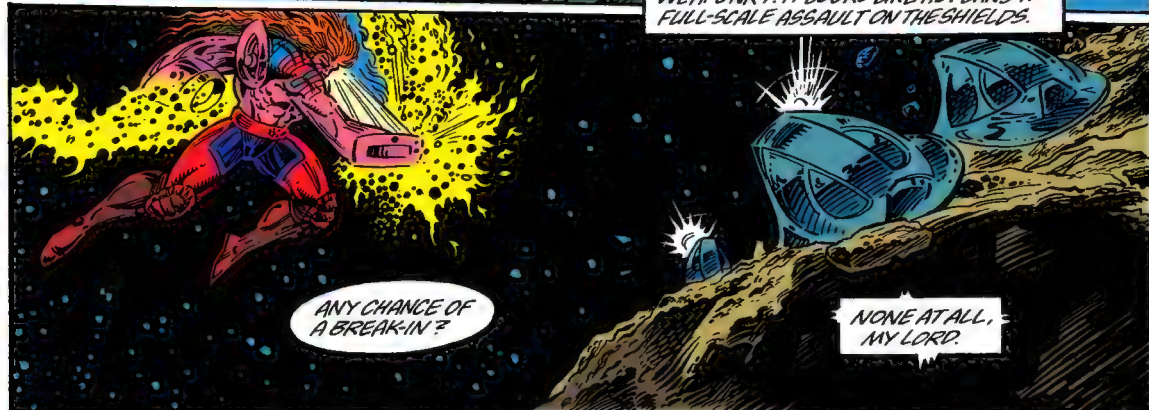
THE ASTEROID MUST HAVE  
SOME SORT OF ARTIFICIAL  
ATMOSPHERE ON THE  
SURFACE--HOW ELSE COULD  
THIS TURKEY USE SOUND AS  
A WEAPON IN THE VACUUM  
OF SPACE?



LOOKS LIKE I WAS APPROACHING THIS  
THE WRONG WAY. TIME TO FIGHT  
FIRE WITH FIRE... AND SOUND WITH  
SOUND.



SIR, THE VUL DARIAN HAS MANIFESTED  
QUITE AN IMPRESSIVE ASSORTMENT OF  
WEAPONRY. IT LOOKS LIKE HE PLANS A  
FULL-SCALE ASSAULT ON THE SHIELDS.



ANY CHANCE OF  
A BREAK-IN?

NONE AT ALL,  
MY LORD.



HE'S IN RANGE.



HE'S TARGETING.

SIR, HE'S FIRING!!

SHATTER  
THE SHIELD--!

MAKE GARDNER THINK  
HE'S BROKEN THROUGH.  
WE'RE GONNA BLOW HIS  
EGO UP ONE MORE  
NOTCH...

...SO I CAN BEAT  
IT BACK DOWN WHEN  
I RIP OFF HIS  
HEAD!

SIR, HE'S IN. AND HE'S CALLING FOR YOU. AS WELL AS THE CAPTURED GREEN LANTERNS.

I MADE IT PAST YOUR TINKER TOYS, PUS-BUCKET. I'M HERE!

YOU AIN'T SEEN NOthin' YET, LOSER.

SEND OUT A PAWN SQUADRON-- NOthin' TOO POWERFUL--JUST ENOUGH TO KEEP HIM BUSY FOR A BIT.

SKNAARD

SKNAARD

SENDIN' WALL UNITS TO STOP ME NOW?

HEY, SPACE-TURD! YOU GOT THE GUTS TO FACE ME, ONE ON ONE...

...OR ARE YOU GONNA SEND SOME MORE FURNITURE...

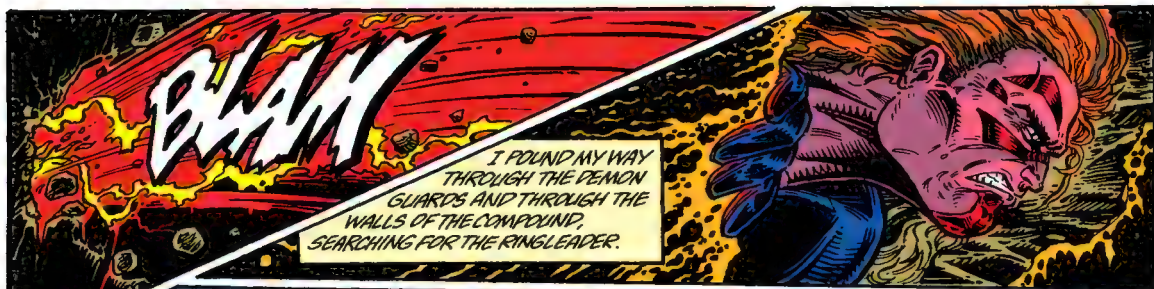
...TO DO THE DIRTY WORK FOR YOU?!

SIR, HE'S DESTROYING PAWN SQUADRON ONE.

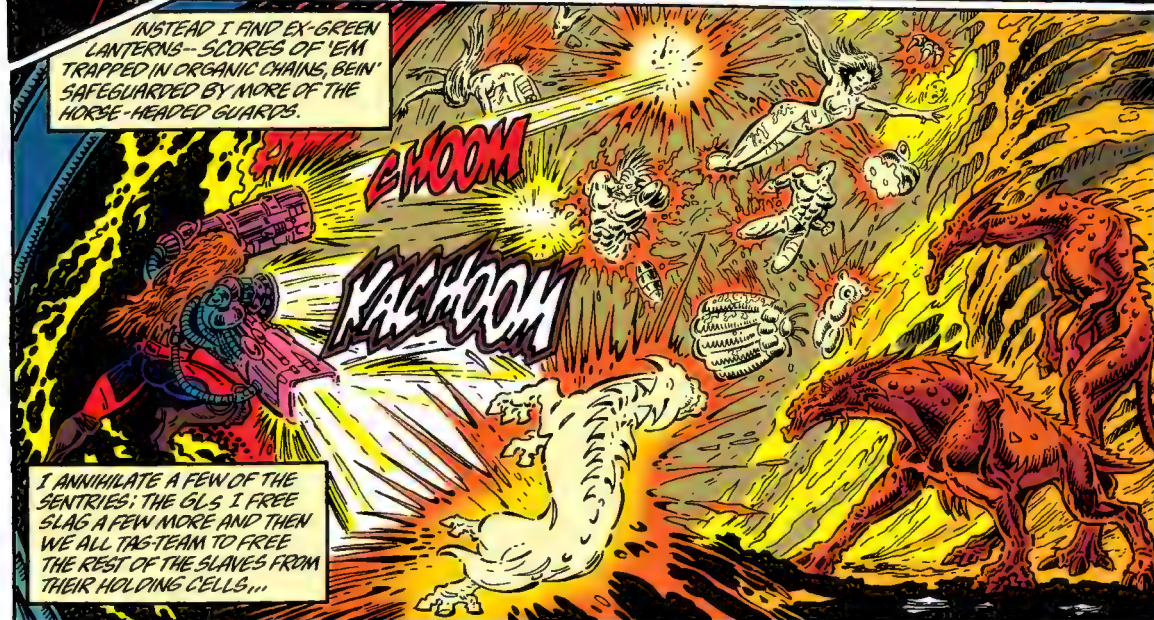
SHAKOW

LET HIM. LET HIM KILL 'EM ALL IF HE WANTS TO. HELL, LET HIM FIND THE GLS, TOO...

...AS LONG AS WE LEAD HIM TO ME.



I FOUND MY WAY  
THROUGH THE DEMON  
GUARDS AND THROUGH THE  
WALLS OF THE COMPOUND,  
SEARCHING FOR THE RINGLEADER.



INSTEAD I FIND EX-GREEN  
LANTERNS-- SCORES OF 'EM  
TRAPPED IN ORGANIC CHAINS, BEIN'  
SAFEGUARDED BY MORE OF THE  
HORSE-HEADED GUARDS.

I ANNIHILATE A FEW OF THE  
SENTRIES; THE GLS I FREE  
SLAG A FEW MORE AND THEN  
WE ALL TAG-TEAM TO FREE  
THE REST OF THE SLAVES FROM  
THEIR HOLDING CELLS...



SALAKK--?  
IS THAT  
YOU?

GARDNER--?!

YEAH, IT'S ME.  
I'VE COME TO  
RESCUE  
YOUR SORRY  
BUTTS.



Y'HEAR THAT, FOLKS? I'M  
HERE TO SAVE YOU. ME, THE  
GUY NOBODY THOUGHT  
WAS GOOD ENOUGH  
TO BE A GREEN  
LANTERN.

WHEN YOU'RE DONE BEATIN'  
UP THE PONIES, I NEED YOU  
TO HELP ME FIND THE CREEP  
WHO'S KEPT YOU IN  
CHAINS...

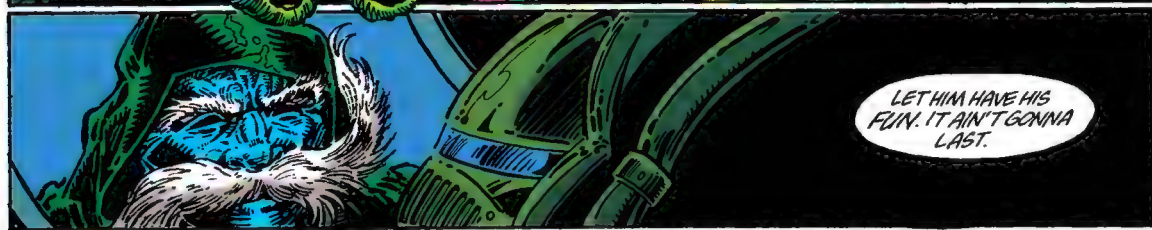
...AND THEN I'M GONNA  
BEAT HIM INTO A BLOODY  
PULP.

OH, GARDNER...  
YOU WERE CLOSE TO  
HIM... OH, WHAT HE DID  
TO THE POOR DOG...

SIR, HE'S ACTUALLY FREED QUITE A FEW OF THE GREEN LANTERNS, AND AT THE EXPENSE OF A SMALL NUMBER OF OUR PAWN SQUADS.

IT DOESN'T MATTER, LONG AS THE CHECKS'RE IN PLACE IN THE GUARDS STILL LEAD GARDNER TO ME.

PERCIVAL, SHILANDRA, AMANITA. HAVEN'T SEEN THESE GUYS IN AGES. MAN, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO THE REST OF THESE CLOWNS ARE!



LET HIM HAVE HIS FUN. IT AIN'T GONNA LAST.



GARDNER...?  
IS THAT  
YOU?

YEAH,  
IT'S ME,  
BRIK!

WHY DO YOU  
PEOPLE KEEP  
ASKIN' ME  
THAT?

AND WHY'RE  
YOU JUST STANDIN'  
THERE LIKE  
THAT?!

I... HOW DID  
WE...? WHERE'S  
HAL JORDAN?

LOOK, BRIK, NOW AIN'T  
THE TIME OR PLACE TO GET  
INTO A BIG WEEPY WITH  
YOU OVER JORDAN...

WHAT HAPPENED  
TO... PARALLAX?

HE  
DIED.

WHERE'S  
HAL?!

I TRIED  
TO FIND  
HIM...

HAL  
WENT NUTS,  
OKAY? HE  
ABSORBED  
ALL THE  
ENERGY FROM  
THE BIG  
POWER  
BATTERY,  
DESTROYED  
THE GUARDIANS,  
AND BECAME  
A PSYCHO  
NAMED  
PARALLAX.

WHAT--?!

THAT'S WHY ALL YOUR RINGS  
BECAME DUST BUNNIES. THAT'S WHY  
YOU WERE ALL EASY PICKINGS FOR THE  
SLAVE MASTER WHO'S BEEN KEEPIN'  
YOU HOSTAGE--!

AAAAARRRRGGGGHHH!

Y'SEE THAT, YOU  
YELLA-BELLY?  
SHE JUST OFFED  
TWO MORE A'  
YOUR GUARDS!

YOU DON'T STAND  
A CHANCE! WON'T  
SHOW YOURSELF--  
WE'RE COMIN'  
FOR YOU!

I'M COMIN'  
FOR YOU!



PROBLEM IS, THIS'S BEEN WAY TOO EASY. IF I COULD GET THE LANTERNS OUT WITH HARDLY A FUSS, WHY COULDN'T THEY?

PLENTY OF 'EM HAVE ALIEN POWERS THAT HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THEIR RINGS!

SMELLS LIKE A SETUP T' ME...

VOZ??

HOLY COW, VOZ, IS THAT Y--

OH NO.

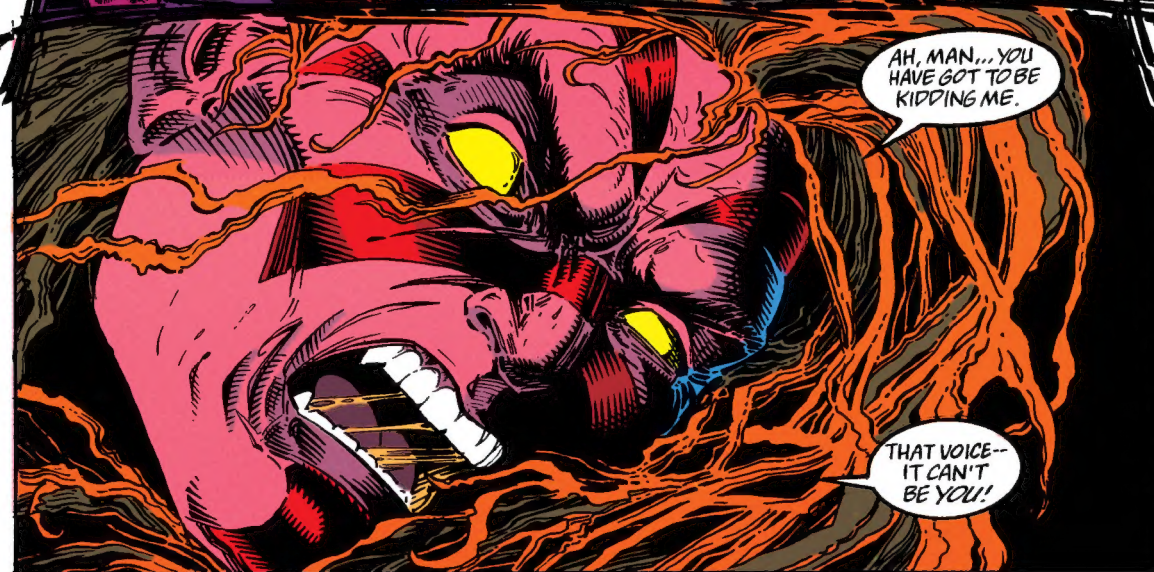
AIIIEEEE!!!

AIIIEEEE!!!

WELL, IT SURE AS HELL TOOK LONG ENOUGH TO GET HERE, JERKBREATH.

YOU WANT ME? HERE I AM!

FRAGGILIZZY



AH, MAN... YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME.

THAT VOICE-- IT CAN'T BE YOU!



PROBLEM HERE, GUYOL' PAL, IS YOU'RE *NOT* A GREEN LANTERN ANYMORE, AND YOU DON'T HAVE SINESTRO'S RING, EITHER.

FUNNY, I WAS THINKIN' THE SAME THING.

I SHOULD'VE OFFED YOU WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE--!

BOOM

YOU DON'T HAVE HALF THE POWER YOU USED TO.

AND HELL, YOU'D BE NO CHALLENGE AT ALL.

YEAH, BUT THAT'S ONE STUPID HELMET YOU GOT ON.

YER ONE TO TALK ABOUT LOOKS.

BUT YER RIGHT. WHY SHOULD I HIDE MY FACE?



Y'SEE, THIS UNIVERSE AIN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR THE BOTH OF US.

THERE'S ONLY SPACE HERE FOR ONE OF US... THE ONE, TRUE GUY GARDNER--

--ME.

KISS IT ALL GOOD-BYE, "WARRIOR"!

URK!

NEXT: YOU ASKED FOR IT--  
THE RETURN OF  
**GUY GARDNER**

From Baaldur, with love...

# GLORITH

